

RHODA ROLAND.

A Woman from the West in Washington.

The True Story of a Lady Stenographer in Search of a Situation.

By H. A. SUTTON.

PARTICIPANTS.

RHODA ROLAND—"All roads lead to Rome"—and office.
M. H. PLEASANTON, one of the Magnates of Silk-Stocking Row.
OHRIN STIVERS, Rhoda's married friend, ready to assist in a good cause.
TOM BAXTER, friend in "Bohemia" and never got out of it.
MRS. EDENWORTH, room-mate of Rhoda.
JUDITH BARNSTABLE, M. C., "twist devil" and the deep sea.

OLGA—Members of the Group of Six.
IDA—Zaida Lybrand, pianist, a bird of passage.
TONY LENTZ, a boyhood friend back in the old home.
MRS. GRANT, with "Apartments to Let."
DENISE GRANT, a typical Washington boy, and
VIOLETTA—Who the d— is Violetta?

CHAPTER XIV—continued.

"Say, that dress is a dream!" said Mr. Baxter, on our return.
"Yes; I admit being somewhat infatuated with it myself; but then, it's not a dress; it's a wrapper."
"Quite an interesting article here in one of your magazines I was just looking at," said Mr. Stivers.
"The one on bridge building?"
"Yes," was his reply.
"Do you mean to say you can keep track of all the articles in that stack of magazines?" asked Mr. Baxter.
"I endeavor so to do," replied Miss Lybrand.
"One day, over at the other place—that's my office—a gentleman picked up a magazine while he was waiting, and when I was at leisure he turned to me and said:

A little gal—a little biker—
Comes a-runnin' down the pike,
Swerves right nor left, nor can't
back,
The little gal takes all the track.

In after years, when time has sped,
And little maid to man has wed,
Like riding down the path that day,
The little gal still has her way.

"Did you see that there?" he asked.
"Oh, yes; I read it," was my reply.
"Well, to start on, it isn't there."
"He had repeated it, holding the book in front of him. 'You can imagine how cheap I felt. I have written the verse for me, and since that time have endeavored to be posted on the subject-matter of magazines on my table.'"
"That is a pretty sentiment Mr. Baxter reads to you about Bohemia being a land without a meridian, Miss Lybrand," I said.
"Please call me Zaida instead of that formal title. Pretty, yes. I was in Colorado Springs when I struck that idea, the occasion being the dedication of the Printers' Home at that place. Stopping at my hotel, the Antlers, was a delegation from the new town of Crede, inscribed on the white silk badges they wore was a verse, written, I was told, by a lady. It ran something in this wise:

There is a land where all are equal,
Of high or humble birth;
A land where men make millions, dug
from the dreary earth.
Where the meek and mild-eyed burro
on the mineral mountains feed,
Where it's day all day in the daytime
and there is no night—in Crede.

So, too, is Bohemia, where the day is never ended, where the night is never done."

"Suppose," said Mr. Baxter, "this quartette gets along so nicely—Stivers and I always were chummy, and you girls apparently take kindly to each other—we organize a theater party in the near future."

"I think on my part I will be forced to decline," said Zaida. "I imagine mingling in public has a tendency to hurt my business. One would hardly expect to see a gifted seeress like myself laughing at a theatrical performance like one of the common herd. Besides, I made a half-dozen efforts of late to attend the theater, each of which in turn proved a failure. A gentleman of my acquaintance had invited me a number of times to attend with him; something intervened in each instance. Finally, to reciprocate, I sent him a note asking him to meet me at the Columbia at a matinee. I secured advance tickets and waited in the lobby; he failed to put in an appearance. I gave the tickets to a girl at the door. No more theater for me."

"I was that girl. I knew, then, where I had met Zaida. I glanced in the direction of Mr. Stivers. He was busy looking at the pictures in a magazine. Miss Lybrand and herself are evidently better acquainted than they would have Mr. Baxter and yours truly suspect."

"While Mrs. Roland and I were making our toilet in the other room I put on the coffee-pot," said Zaida, and now, if you gentlemen will clear the center-table of its papers and magazines we will sample Mr. Baxter's ton of sandwiches."

All hands contributed toward making arrangements for the repast, consisting of numerous chicken sandwiches, a generous slice of mince pie, and excellent coffee, while proving peculiarly palatable, despite the fact that Zaida's stock of cutlery and chinaware was limited.

"We must use Nature's forks," she said.
After the meal, Mr. Baxter said:
"To break the ice, I propose we hear from Mrs. Roland. Make it song, story, recitation, or what not. Reprint admitted, but original preferred."

"Before the show opens," I responded, "I would like to have Miss Zaida supply me with a few sheets of white paper. While I don't know that the proceedings of this meeting will ever be published, for my own use, with the permission of the performers, I desire a few shorthand notes. As for my part of the programme, in the absence of the orchestra, I will endeavor to croon a verse as yet unprinted or even unnamed. It goes like this:

O'er Italia's hills the skies are blue,
Through Italia's vales strolls comrades true,
Like Don and I,
Like Don and I,
But Italia say no fairer sky
Than the skies that shine for you
and I.
Than the skies that shine for you
and I.

There is a land whose fields are fair,
Where free from every vexing care,
Stroll Don and I,
Stroll Don and I.
It is the land we call Bohemia,
Where life's for aye a fairy dream,
A fairy dream for Don and I.

"That's splendid for a curtain raiser," said Mr. Baxter, and appropriate to the occasion. Next lady!" and he nodded toward Zaida.
"One moment, till I get my banjo." She was back from the bedroom in a moment with the instrument. All the harsh lines left her face as she sang:

"Plant ye a tree
That may wave over me,
When I am gone, when I am gone."

When she had finished, Mr. Baxter took the instrument, placing two silver quarters under the bridge. Instantly the metallic twang peculiar to the banjo was lost, in its stead appearing a combination of the softer tones of the zither, guitar, and mandolin. He proved no mean manipulator of the strings, as he sang to the tune of the "Mocking Bird":

These are girls that we greet in September,
In September, in September,
These are girls that we greet in September,
And are glad as the springtime in May.

They'll be waiting for us in December,
In December, in December,
They'll be waiting for us in December,
And be happy the whole year round.

"I didn't know, Mister, that music was one of your accomplishments," I said.
"It isn't," he replied. "That's as far as I can go. Pray don't ask for an encore."

"I can not help thinking, Miss Lybrand," spoke up Mr. Stivers, "how the fellow fooled you by his supposed reading for the magazine. I always admire a sharp woman; I don't care if she is as ugly as a mud fence. I had a little escapade one night, in which I met a party whom I could applaud. I had met the lady once or twice, and she always had a story for my ears, seeking advice and so forth. About 11 o'clock—it was pouring down rain—I was going up Seventh. Just as I passed her she said, 'Turn into H.' I did not, so she joined me a moment later. We could not stand in the rain and talk all night, so she said she knew the folks had all gone to bed where she was rooming—she had only been there a few days—and we might step into the back parlor where, with the gas turned low, we could engage in conversation until the advent of the storm. It was just at a time when one of those highly moral waves was sweeping over Washington. At any rate, says I to myself, I'll make the venture. She let us in with her latch-key, and we sat in the back parlor of the H street residence and talked for an hour or more. When she let me out there stood a policeman at the gate. 'You live in there?' he inquired. 'Yes,' I replied; 'just moved yesterday. My wife has a severe headache and I'm going home to Ogram's to get her some bromo seltzer.' I raised my voice, trusting the lady, on the inside of the door, yet I hoped would hear me and understand. Of course, out of the cop's sight, I need never have returned. I wanted to stick by the woman, however, and not have the officer report that men were seen leaving the house at an unseasonable hour. So I marched down to Ogram's and hurries back. There stood the cop at the gate. I walked past him, turned the knob of the front door, and the woman fell in my arms as I stepped inside. She had overheard, understood, and awaited my return. That's what I call a sharp woman."

"I had a similar experience once," said Mr. Baxter, "and if the ladies will allow favor us, I will try and tell you about it."
After Zaida had given Rose Osborne's "Twilight Bell" and Jean Ingelow's "Divided," I said:
"In olden times a ship was saved from drifting on the rocks off the Irish coast through the efforts of a girl. Elinor by name, who, through the silent watches of the night, kept a beacon brightly burning on the crest of a cliff. Her incentive therefor was found in the fact that her lover was on board the vessel. The lady was afterwards known as Dona Elinor, and from this comes the famous Irish name of Donnellan."

Near a little Irish village,
Off a storm-beat, rocky coast,
Beats a bark upon the billow—
Hear the wailing, 'All is lost!'
From among the sturdy seamen
None to brave the breakers dare;
While the ship is slowly drifting
Priest and peasant kneel in prayer.
But a girl, when strong men faltered,
Seized an axe and climbed the crest,
Where a pine tree grew in grandeur,
Where the eagle built its nest;
Piled the weapon with such vigor—
Nerves of steel to strike each blow—
With the lightning's flash to guide her
Laid the ancient monarch low.
Then, descending, Elinor carried
Flaming fagots to the height;
Fanned the flame until its brightness
Lit the darkness of the night,
And her vigil never shrinking,
Whether storm grew wild or tame,
All night long the giant pine tree
Gave its heart to feed the flame.

Cease the tempest, and at anchor
Rides a bark down in the bay;
Thanks to Elinor, safe each sailor
Sees the light of coming day.
A vigorous hand-clapping followed my effort.
"So ably have you acquitted yourself I think we ought to allow you the privilege of giving your attention to your notes during the remainder of the programme," said Mr. Baxter.
How well I applied myself thereto the report of this meeting testifies.
"I for one am anxious, Mr. Baxter, to hear your story of the sharp girl," said Zaida.

"I'll tell you, first, about my friend Billie's call on a chum of his:

You are kind to call on me, Billie,
Just for a handshake, and then—
Well, of course, you must know it
To-morrow we're off for the pen.

I had hoped for faster gridding
Of the dry, judicial mills;
And, Billie, I'm glad it's over—
It's the grim suspense that kills.

Seven years in the cell of a prison!
I can't understand it as yet;
But I fancy, before it is ended,
I shall know what it means—and forget.

You ask, 'What led me to do it?'
What always leads men on to crime?
That prodigal son that we read of
Has changed a bit in our times.

He spends his substance as he freely
As the biblical fellow of old,
And when it is gone, then he fancies
The husks they will turn into gold.

A box at the opera nightly,
High stakes when fortune is flush,
Or the passionate kisses of women,
Whose cheeks have forgotten to blush.

A woman? Ah, yes; I should say so.
I'd another, like a clown,
Where one was say running,
'Twas two that threw me down.

In one's eye was the glitter of murder,
And it was to save the life of Billie,
That I stepped in between.

Only a question of seconds
Who would come out the best;
I was a bit the quicker—
And, well, you know the rest.

Seven years for saving a woman!
And that woman without a heart,
The emotion man's yet to discover
That would cause her tears to start.

It requires some courage, Billie,
To laugh in the face of fate,
When the hopes and ambitions of manhood
Are blasted at twenty-eight.

Going? Better luck to the boys, lad!
May you all be happy and thrive,
At the depot I'll meet you, Friend Billie,
In the summer of nineteen and five.

"Now," said Mr. Baxter, "a drink of water and you'll have the story. I'll take the audience back to one of the inauguration parades. I was in front of an Avenue reviewing stand as a crowd swept past on the sidewalk, carrying with it a number of ladies just about to secure seats. One of them, already on the stand, called 'Fay! Fay! come back!' But Fay couldn't come back. In a moment the plume of red and black worn by the lady waved some yards distant, and, despite her efforts, she was swept away. Carried by the crowd, I caught up with her. 'Miss Fay,' I said, 'I'll pilot you back to your friend on the stand.' She thanked me, more with her eyes than her voice. The procession now moving, it occupied the space roped from curb to curb, while the crowd was packed like matches on the sidewalk. We could not retrace our steps. I told the lady we would be obliged to make the circuit of the block and reach the stand in which her friends were seated by going with the crowd instead of against it. As we started it began to rain—it never falls to rain on inauguration day—and we stepped in a rain-droplet to avoid the downpour. I got a look at my companion. Evidently a member of Seldom's well set, to judge by the brand of perfume she used. I believe friend Zaida is partial to the same. It's Peau d'Espagne."

"Thanks to you, sir, for telling me thereof."
"Well, my new friend was inclined to be fleshy, had soulful eyes, and wore an artistic piece of headgear trimmed with red and black plumes. Says I to myself, 'You pride yourself, old boy, on being a good conversationalist. Here is your chance to prove it.' The lady wondered at my being able to pick her out of the crowd, and I forthwith attempted a pretty speech about the knights of King Henry of Navarre following a white plume, but that a latter-day courtier followed a plume of red and black. The rain subsiding, I conducted her to the stand upon which were seated her friends. 'I don't know what I should have done if it hadn't been for Mr. Smith here,' she said. I bowed and let it go as Smith. A dude from one of the legations, with whom I had a nodding acquaintance, was with the party. After talking with him a moment, I tipped my hat to the ladies and started for the capitol to get up my copy. During the day, I learned, after description, from a brother reporter—one repeatedly on a society assignment—the name of my fair acquaintance; and the second night thereafter, down on E street, I met the young legation fellow who was in company with the ladies on inauguration day. To save me the bother of telling it mildly, he recognized me, and proceeded to hiccough his tale of woe, which was that some one had asked some one to marry some one. The answer received was to the effect that the perpetration of the human race depended upon this union, it must needs become extinct.
"Then, pard, I got gay with a gun," he added.
"Thinks I, there may be an item in this duck's drunken drive, and, spurred by the thought of again seeing the charmer, I started, via bridge, in the direction of Connecticut avenue extended. At a drug store on the circle I consulted a city directory. As I arrived in sight of the residence where I intended to pull the bell and see if there was anything in the dude's story, a closed back was leading it. I followed—meanwhile securing the vehicle's number—to the crossing of Massachusetts avenue and the B. & O. tracks. Then I went in the depot, supposing some member of the family would be there taking a train or expecting friends; most likely I was to find visitors leaving. No one I could connect with the residence put in an appearance. Half the night I hunted for that negro hack-driver. I finally found him, and, as luck would have it, he knew me; but it took a half dollar to make him remember where he deposited his passenger of the night before. An old lady and gentleman had taken a lady—she was hurt or ill, he thought, for they supported her out to the hack and the doctor helped them in with her—to Dr. Miner's sanitarium, up on Capitol Hill. That was enough. I started for a shirt, a shave and a shine. About 10 o'clock that morning I rang the bell at the sanitarium. I was ushered into the waiting-room by the doctor himself.

(To be continued.)

Carolina Brights are winners.

PLUTARCH'S LIVES

Cited by An English Correspondent of The Globe.

A PERTINENT ANALOGY

In the Present Condition of England and Her South African War—A Stinging and Well Known Verse Quoted by Redmond in the English House of Commons—Some Good Reading.

A correspondent and English Democrat sends us the following:
"Plutarch's 'Lives of the Noble Greeks and Romans' is a volume but little read, I fear, in 'patriotic' England now-a-days. In view of the fact that Mr. Broderick has admitted in the House that the lives and children of Boers still fighting were in the concentration camps put on half rations for the purpose of inducing their relatives to surrender, will you allow me to quote a celebrated anecdote, told of Camillus by Plutarch?
"For the benefit of those of the wealthy conservative classes who may peruse your paper I must explain that Camillus was a famous Roman general, who in the year 393, B. C., was blocking the Etruscan city of Falerii. In this city the children of the citizens of all classes were educated together in a communal school and the Romans did not press the siege so closely but that schoolmaster could still take his pupils out daily, as in time of peace, beyond themselves. Having certain recreations to himself, he had in front of him the city gates, and the demand is constantly increasing. Lovers of convenience and health admit the superiority of Dr. White's Electric Comb over everything of the kind now before the public. It is new, practical, durable and is just what every one has long desired. Not only is the Dr. White's Electric Comb a source of satisfaction to all, but it is among the few things on the market that does more than the manufacturers claim for it. One lady claims that it made her feel 'ten years younger,' because it had saved her from headaches and nervous conditions which before its use had been almost unbearable and had aged her perceptibly.
From present indications this novelty will prove to be a money-maker, and is at the same time one of the most interesting ever introduced."

"Now when Camillus heard this he became red in the face, and very wrath, and stamped, and he said, looking around at the valiant Roman gentry that were captains that stood about him:
"How say you, sirs? Of a surety war is an evil thing; but among brave men there is a law in war like a law in peace. A noble general must surely procure victory of his own manhood and marrow by the Romans' arts, and by practice upon those whom we spare over in the bivouac of our cities. What think you of this cunning fellow's crafty counsel? I pray you, sirs, is it the part of a gentleman and a soldier?
"And all the captains cried out: 'It is the part of a thiefish slave and a mongrel cur!'
"Then Camillus said: 'Fetch me the hangman' and the hangman was fetched. And then Camillus spoke again: 'Good master hangman, I prithee practice something, or thy craft upon this knavish fellow here. Strip him stark naked, as if we were going to hang him to the cross; and tie his hands behind him; and fetch forth whips, and scourges, and cudgels, an rods. And the hangman did all as he was commanded.
"Then the worthy General gave the younglings each a cudgel, or the like, and told them to lie back. 'But,' he said, 'whip me this knavish schoolmaster before you, and that, too, very soundly. And do the gods be with you! So they shouted for valiant Camillus and went their way; and before they had gotten to the city gates the schoolmaster was exceedingly well cudgelled, until he cried again; for the young children trounced him before them all the way.
"Now, now this, which Camillus angrily ordered out of sheer lusty manhood, and not of mere cunning policy, did Rome and all the Roman people go to."

"When the knave schoolmaster's foul trick was bruited in the city, they of Falerii all broke into a groan and uproar; and all the citizens, men and women, and mothers and fathers, and all the wives, all tumbled the one over the other in the streets for grief, the big tears rolling down their noses, all running to the walls to stare after their lost younglings. But, lo! when they had climbed the rampart, and looked toward the Roman leaguer, they did not see the hangman, nor busy busy setting up crosses and gallows, and making ready the tortures, but their young ones coming back, trouncing the villain schoolmaster before them, stark naked all ready for the hangman, and then they ran to the gate, and the children all came in very merrily, shouting: 'Camillus! Camillus! the gods bless noble Camillus!' and so all their parents fell on their necks for joy.
"So the schoolmaster was well pleased and called a council and it was concluded that they should send ambassadors forthwith unto brave Camillus to put their lives and goods to his mercy and favor. And Camillus sent their ambassadors unto Rome, where, audience being given unto them by the Senate, they said that because they saw the Romans preferred manhood to victory, then it was no shame for them to become Romans. So the Senate was well pleased and made much of them and despatched letters unto Camillus giving him commission to do and determine as he thought good. So he, having taken a certain sum of money from them at Falerii, did furthermore make peace and league with them, and thereupon returned back again to Rome."

"I commend the above anecdote to the attention of the wretched cur, who ever he may be, responsible for the origination of the policy admitted to by a British traitor. I may quote by way of a telling verse quoted by Robert Lowe and which Mr. William Redmond made effective use of in the House not long ago:
"To govern man, oh! Roman, was thy care,
To crush the mighty and the weak to spare;
While Britain's sons a cheaper glory seek,
To spare the mighty and to crush the weak."

A celebrated writer of vaudeville, being caught in a shower, took shelter under a portico. A very pretty girl soon lifted the window, and, after looking at him attentively for a moment, sent out a servant with a handkerchief. The next day the delighted author got himself up in his most fascinating style, and, as the umbrella was an old one, he laid it aside as a

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DR. WHITE'S ELECTRIC COMBS

Herewith is a sample of general public opinion where these combs have been introduced. Part of an article that appeared in the Western Trade Journal, January 23, 1900, printed at Chicago:

A GENUINE NOVELTY.

It is interesting to note that fortunes are frequently made by the invention of articles of minor importance. Some of these are invented solely for safety and convenience, and when really meritorious, gain extraordinary popularity and are sold by the thousands. Many of these articles evince much inventive and mechanical skill and their success depends on the interest they excite. Among the most popular devices are those designed to benefit people and meet popular conditions, and one of the most interesting of these that has ever been introduced is the Dr. White Electric Comb, the name of which affords an indication of its character. This device is as valuable as it is novel, and is full of satisfaction to all. Thousands of these Electric Combs have been sold in the various cities of the Union, and the demand is constantly increasing. Lovers of convenience and health admit the superiority of Dr. White's Electric Comb over everything of the kind now before the public. It is new, practical, durable and is just what every one has long desired. Not only is the Dr. White's Electric Comb a source of satisfaction to all, but it is among the few things on the market that does more than the manufacturers claim for it. One lady claims that it made her feel 'ten years younger,' because it had saved her from headaches and nervous conditions which before its use had been almost unbearable and had aged her perceptibly.
From present indications this novelty will prove to be a money-maker, and is at the same time one of the most interesting ever introduced."

Will be sold for a short time at exactly half price by advertising agents, employed by the firm to introduce these wonderful Combs.

The conditions are these: After you have given the combs a fair trial, if they prove satisfactory, you agree to recommend them to your friends, but if they don't give perfect satisfaction, you agree to return the comb you bought and a written guarantee that is given you, to the firm, or to the agent you bought of, and the price you paid for the comb will be cheerfully refunded.

WHAT THE COMBS WILL DO: POSITIVELY CURES DANDRUFF, HAIR FALLING OUT, SICK AND NERVOUS HEADACHES, and makes straight hair curly in from twenty-five to forty days' time (unless a brush is used in connection with the comb). The combs are the most wonderful and valuable article ever placed before the people. The doctors everywhere are recommending them.

We could give hundreds of testimonials from the people who have used them, but we realize that the best testimonials would not be half as effective or convincing as a fair trial for our goods, and in order to induce the people to give them a trial we are selling a limited number of them at prices that any intelligent person realizes that they take no chances to lose, but everything to gain. In appearance these combs are very similar to an ordinary aluminum comb, but are of a much smoother finish, and are much more elastic.

WHAT THEY COST WHILE WE ARE INTRODUCING THEM.

Pocket size, 10, 15 and 20 cents; fine combs, 30 and 35 cents; dressing combs, 25, 30, 35, 50 and 80 cents each.

The aluminum that these combs have been made from undergoes an eight weeks' electrical process in which medicine, electricity and heat are used before it is made into combs. This leaves the combs in a medicated condition. The medication is imparted from the comb to the scalp through the friction obtained in combing the hair. There has been 15,900 combs sold on a written guarantee since they were patented February 2, 1899, and only three have been returned.

THESE ARE THE ONLY COMBS IN THE WORLD THAT HAS A PATENT ON THEM.

The fact alone that these combs are patented is a very plausible proof that the combs possess medicinal properties. For practical use they are ten times as cheap as any comb you can possibly buy. Why? Because they will last twenty times as long. They are practically unbreakable, seldom, if ever, need cleaning, will last a lifetime and always remain the same. No plate to wear off, being solid metal all through.

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souvenir, purchased a new one of the costliest taste, and called on the lady to return her flatterer loan. She received the new umbrella without remarking daily to her servant and, after listening with curious gravity to the rather pressing tenderness of the dramatist's acknowledgments, she suddenly comprehended that he was enamored of her, and forthwith naively explained that, as he had stood in the way of a gentleman who wished to come to see her unobserved, she had sent him the umbrella to get him off the front steps!

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